

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[NUMBER 1.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

The Story of

THE COUNT DE ST. JULIEN.

(Concluded.)

At length a vessel arrives, and brings him a most tender invitation to *Palermo* together with a remittance, through the hands of one of the Consuls, of four hundred sequins, for his redemption and journey.—Saint Julien, having only passed for a common man, no more than two hundred sequins was demanded for his ransom. He immediately obtained his *Carta Franca*, and took his passage in a Dutch ship, that was soon after to sail for Sicily.

As the first fruits of a heart awakened to virtue, he presented his humane benefactor, the sailor, with a purse of one hundred sequins, which, with what the poor fellow had saved up in his little wine trade, was somewhat more than necessary to purchase his freedom. The Count had the satisfaction of seeing him set at liberty, and quit the shore of Barbary in the same vessel with himself.

It was not many days before Saint Julien arrived safe at *Palermo*, and expressed, in the warmest terms of gratitude, the obligation he felt to his Uncle, for relieving him from his captive state. The good old man received him with a cordiality he never could have expected; and many a tear fell down his aged cheek, when, in their frequent conversations, he found his nephew redeemed from the worse captivity of an abandoned life. The

Chanoine made him attend in all the functions of the church; and omitted no occasion to confirm him in his good resolutions.

"You have known, says he, the extremes of affluence and distress;—have experienced that happiness is not born of riches, and can only spring where virtue hath planted it!—It is now within your reach; and I trust you will not again let it slip your hold. I must daily expect to be called from you; the poor have been my family; but what I am still able to bequeath you, will, in your present temper, be more than equal to every want."

"Little—little, indeed," replied Saint Julien, "have I merited the consolation I find! You see me, Sir, humbled by my vices and folly, but convinced from principle, of all my errors:—every wish towards the world is extinguished; and it is my fixed resolve, to retire to some Monastery, and close the evening of my life in solitude and contrition."

The Count resided with his uncle nearly a twelvemonth; during which time, his choice determined him to enter into the Convent of *La Trappe*.

I had then, says the Prior,* been somewhat more than two years appointed the Superior of this house; and having formerly been well known to the good old Chanoine, he wrote to me on the occasion; intreating me in the most affec-

tionate terms, that in recollection of the friendship we had once had for each other, whenever his Nephew should enter amongst us, that I would sometimes allow him to advise with me.

There was fortunately just then a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this Convent, and in due time took the cowl.—In the intercourses which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me all the various occurrences of his unfortunate life; he ever spoke of them with a sigh, and his piety was ample amends for his misfortune.

He had resided among us four years, when his health began gradually to decay. His fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age;—perhaps, too, the austerities of our order were too severe for a constitution so early habituated to the blandishments of luxury; though he was still able to attend most of our functions, and lived to complete nearly his seventh year.

When his dissolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted rushes, while I, agreeably to our institution, convened all the convent to witness his end. His mind appeared perfectly clear, he exhorted, with a weak voice, those around him to persevere in piety; and then addressed himself to me with an eye that bespoke all the distress of his heart.

"Holy Father," says he, "a little space, and I am numbered with the dead! The penitence I have exercised within these walls, hath, I trust, washed away

* The preceding narrative is supposed to be related by the Prior, to a Gentleman, who visited the monks of *La Trappe*.

the stains that disgraced my former life! In that confidence I sink to the grave!—One only anxiety agitates my bosom; it is for a son, whom my unhappy example may, I fear, have rendered miserable—You, holy father, know my story. O! if my long-lost Frederick still be living! Could he—but 'tis impossible—could he but ever hear that the once abandoned heart of poor Saint Julien was reformed! could he but learn, with how many repentant tears I have wept for his forgiveness!—how ardently in death I wished to bequeath him a blessing! it might haply turn his steps to virtue, and my spirit would depart without a sigh!"

"Gracious Heaven! (exclaimed a Monk, throwing back his cowl) gracious heaven—thy will be done—behold—behold thy Frederick kneels before you, as much unlike the libertine who left you, as you the parent from him I fled. O let me catch a blessing from your dying lips! and in a last embrace, be cancelled the remembrance of every thing that is past."

The transport and amazement of an unhop'd interview, gave it sudden impulse to the blood, and invigorated a little longer the powers of life.

"A few moments," says the Count, (casting a look of the most affectionate earnestness on his son) "a few moments, and the knowledge of the world will avail me nothing—And yet my lingering spirit fain would know, by what mysterious means we have thus met again?"

"Briefly let me say, returned Frederick, that on quitting Paris, I hastened with the utmost speed to *Madrid*, accompanied with the strongest resolution of amending an unfortunate life. After some time, I obtained a commission in his Catholic Majesty's service, and was sent into *New Spain*, to join my regiment. I was occasionally stationed in various garrisons on the Southern Continent, and at *Mexico* married the daughter of a deceased officer of *Valencia*, who had brought her thither with him from Europe. I

began to experience the serenity and happiness of virtue, and for five years enjoyed in the society of one of the best of women, every blessing my heart could desire.—Far removed from all who knew me, I here wished to have ended my days: but my regiment being called home, and the climate having much affected the health of my wife, she was anxious to return to *Barcelona*, which was her native air, and where she had two aunts still living, who had in her earlier years, supplied a mother's loss; and to whom I had not restored her ten months, when the hand of death dissolved our union. Sick of the world—its follies—its disappointments—all that endeared it to me gone before!—and no pledge of love left behind, to hold me to it—I turned away from it without a single regret; bequeathed to the family of the amiable being I mourned, the little fortune she brought me; and nine years ago, under the assumed name of *Lorenzo*, withdrew into this Monastery."

"Happy, my child, (added St. Julien, pressing his son's hand with a look of eager tenderness) happy is it that the great power of human events hath ordained that we meet in peace at last!—Seven of those years have we lived together in this place, though mutually unknown—often kneeling side by side at the same altar, often joining in the same devotions, and perhaps soliciting heaven for each other. Oh, my Frederick!—the crime which hath made thy heart most wretched, with the severest anguish hath tortured mine! I have injured thee much, but all is, I hope, atoned!"

"Father of Mercies!" cries the young man—"the triumph's thine!—How wonderfully hast thou dealt with us, making those very crimes which were instrumental to our mutual misfortunes, instrumental in the end to our mutual conversion! But I talk to the dust—he is passed away like a silent vapour!"

This was a scene, added the prior, of so singular a nature, as to merit the be-

ing recorded; and I conceived it would not be uninteresting to a sister's sensibility.

About three years after the death of Saint Julien, a fever seized one of our convent, and Frederick was one among those to whom it proved fatal. He seemed sensible from the moment he was taken ill, that his disorder would be mortal—he supported it, with the utmost resignation; requesting with his latest breath to be buried with his father;—and in yonder corner, where the two white crosses are raised on the turf'd hillock, one grave contains them both.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

HEREDITARY HONOURS.

IT may be questioned by casuists, whether to emblazon virtue in her loveliest hues, or to depict vice in her most glaring features of deformity, be more beneficial to the moral interests of man; but, to the heart which has any sense of goodness or honour itself, there can be no hesitation in fixing upon the task. The satyrists indeed, may derive pleasure from exposing, and holding up to detestation, the frailties and vices of his fellow creatures; from exhibiting "in terrorem" those crimes, from which humanity must shrink with horror; but, to a congenial mind, it is far more soothing to trace the noble deeds of virtue, to entice her from her modest recess, to display her to the world, bedecked with all her charms, and thus to excite an honest emulation in those, who live but to tread in the footsteps of their superiors.

That there is a greater portion of moral goodness to be found in the higher ranks of society, is an assertion which I will not venture to make; for I have ever considered that 'virtue shunning extremes more frequently fixes her residence in the middle walks of life'—yet as in some noble achievement, most great families

have originated, to maintain or increase the honour of that achievement should be the task of succeeding generations; and in the descendants of an illustrious race, we have a right to expect an hereditary possession of those qualities which enobled their ancestors.—Their castle is raised; yet if neglected, it may be shattered by the storms of vice, overwhelmed by the torrents of infamy; but if its original magnificence be supported, the venerable structure will acquire grandeur with age, and may frown defiance on the ravages of time.

Children of obscure birth have no such incentive to virtue. They may indeed establish names, which shall descend to posterity: their excellence may throw a lustre on futurity, but their misconduct can destroy no antecedent fame. If they persevere and succeed in this attempt, they certainly merit the highest praise, but to insure this success, the requisite mental energy, the respect for distant ages, and the love of virtue, are too frequently wanting in private life. The true use of hereditary honours, is to invigorate individual virtue. The representative or member of an illustrious house should be aware, that one ignoble action can forever extinguish his reflected lustre; tear from his brow the laurels of antiquity, and brand his future life with disgrace. It should therefore be the proudest wish of his heart to support the dignity which his predecessors acquired: he should know the value of a good name, and resolve to transmit it unsullied to posterity.

ORMOND.

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE FOP.

THE fop, or *petit-maitre* of the French naturalists, is an animal which does not appear to be a native of this country, although it now abounds with them. As far as its history can be traced, it has migrated from France, and is, it is said, to

be found in most countries in Europe; but the species has increased here far more than in any other. This is not difficult to account for, when we consider that it is an animal which avoids all places of danger, and loves to live in ease and security. The same principle in its nature lead its to avoid excessive heat and cold, and therefore it increases most in large towns, where the degrees of heat and cold may be moderated by artificial means.

This animal has some resemblance, though rather faint, to the human race, but its legs are longer, and its general figure far more slim and taper, rising gradually to its head, which very seldom resembles the human—the neck and throat being a continuation of the breast, into which the head is inserted as a ball into a socket. Its voice is shrill, and scarcely articulate, but its notes are so well known as scarcely to deceive any body. It is perfectly harmless, unless by the disagreeable noise it makes, even in the wildest state; and when troublesome by its cries, may be quieted in a moment by the sight of a cane. It abounds, however, in tricks and mischief, and sometimes frightens women and children. But though in this it resembles the ape, it has none of the docility or cunning of that animal. It feeds very gently, avoiding strong food and liquors, and living mostly on slops and little things which it picks up at every table. Why it has been so long domesticated, I know not, probably from sympathy with its helpless situation; but there are few families of rank or opulence, without one of them; and even the lower orders have a spurious breed, which I at first took for a distinct species, but, upon a closer examination, found to be only a bastard kind, differing principally in its coat, and having less of the yellow stuff in its pouch than the others. This yellow stuff has puzzled me much. It is not the produce of its food, nor does it seem to collect it; and where it comes I never could, or but seldom, discover. The animal, however,

places no value on it, throwing it about in the most wanton manner.

This animal is not long lived; whether the soil that produces it is not sufficient to provide for it in mature age, as the soil of France used to do, even to longevity, I am not able to determine, but it either dies about the age of four or five and twenty, or degenerates into an animal of a very different species, called a *sloven*, on which change, it loses all its former characteristics. It has been said that the women are very fond of the *fop*, and even admit it to their toilets; but this I hope is untrue.

There is one great singularity about this animal, which is its fondness for being in places of public amusement; but this is not a mark of its curiosity or taste, for it never seems to attend to any thing but itself; and if it meets with one of its own species, they chatter and gabble so loud and effectively, that it is often necessary to be sent out, which is not a minor, but a great difficulty, as the slightest blow of a whip would disperse a whole flock.

There is yet another singularity in this animal, which is, that it never breeds, I have never seen any but males, and consequently I am utterly at a loss to account for, unless by supposing that it is like the mule, an animal produced by two different animals, and different from both. Some very able naturalists pretend, indeed, to have discovered *female fops*, but they are obviously of another class, and accordingly have received the distinct denomination of *coquettes*.

It is to be observed, that since the number of *fops* increased in this country, they have come much sooner to perfection than they did some years ago. It is not uncommon now to see a perfect fop at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and as wild and mischievous as they formerly were at twenty. This we ought not to be very much surprised at, because little or no

pains seems now to be taken to curb them, and without that they naturally acquire a greater degree of wildness, even sometimes approaching to ferocity. When this occurs, I have always found that they were degenerating; for a real fop is at all times cowardly, and mischievous only by tricks and sports, which do more harm to itself than to its keepers, unless they let it loose at improper times. Generally it is good-natured, though its grin is very frightful.

I have dissected some of these animals but without observing any remarkable appearance. In all of them there were very few brains, and little or no heart—circumstances which very naturally account for their strange habits and tricks.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne, had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort was surrendered to the Prussians. The moment Longwy was retaken by the French, the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris. Madame Lavergne followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent, as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreadful tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident which at another moment would have filled the heart of Madame Lavergne with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous, as to bring

a man before the judgment-seat, who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself, that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favour, that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! the name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th *Germinat*, of the second year of the republic, (June 25th, 1794,) and he must, on that day submit to his fate.

Madame Lavergne, informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation; she presented herself before the Committee of General Safety; she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she represented as a prey to a dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

"Imagine, oh citizens!" said the agonized wife of Lavergne, "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupified, and barely sustains the drags of his miserable existence. Will you, oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable

sentence, which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold? and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man——" At these words, every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with an idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her, with a scornful smile, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervour with which she had pleaded the cause of such an husband, was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne; she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men, contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of nations and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the Revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career, was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas

replied coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favour she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request to the tribunal: then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, "and is it then so great a misfortune, madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?"

Such a reiteration of insult, roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation; she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven, and exclaimed,—"Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance! Go, monster," she cried to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear: then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me."

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commenced—M. Lavergne is called for—the jailors support him thither on a mattress; a few questions are proposed to him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice, *Vive le Roi!* The persons nearest the place whereon she stood, eagerly surrounded, and endeavoured to silence her, but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of *Vive le Roi!* The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous

crowd, mute with consternation or pity; but the passages and stair-cases still resounded every instant with *Vive le Roi!* till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the Public Accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"I am not actuated," she answered, "by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system that you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live."

Such a declaration was without reply: the name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected persons: a few minutes afterwards she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed, that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate M. Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any sign of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife intreated the executioner to take a pin from her hand, to fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name; at the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on

her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection. "Do not be alarmed," she said, "it is your faithful wife who called you; you know I cannot live without you, and we are going to die together." Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude, sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his heart, and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them forever.

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A Favourite never ought to abuse the Favour of his master.

AN ANECDOTE.

DUKE D'Alenson, brother to Henry the third, of France, and the famous Bussy, his favourite, being in company one day, the former, in merriment, expressed a wish, that they might tell each other their faults with all freedom. Bussy excused himself, and modestly, and consented that the Duke should speak first. He began, "I am much to blame, with whatever I am worthy of blame, during my whole life: that, for his own part, the Duke should not be so rash, and bold to reproach him with his faults and imperfections of his master." The duke insisted on what he had proposed, and began with the great reputation that Bussy had of being thought a man of courage, among the nobility, and adored by the ladies, though the former looked upon him as a coward, and the latter took him to be a cross, ill-natured fellow. He was so nettled at it, that, without any more ado, he made this sharp repartee. *That if Alenson was Bussy, and Bussy was Alenson, Bussy would not employ Alenson for his dog-keeper, he looked so damn'd ugly and homely.* The duke, incensed to the highest degree, and so much the more because it was a true jest, cried, several times, *Ha! Bussy, it is too much, it is too much, Bussy;* and though Bussy cast himself at his feet, and represented to him, that it was by his own reiterated

order, and that to obey him, he had done an extreme violence to himself, he never was afterwards so much in favour as he had been before: but, on the contrary, when he was murdered by the count of *Montsoureau*, who was jealous of him, on the account of his wife, it was generally thought that he had first the consent of *Henry the third*, to stab him, and the approbation of duke *Alençon*, the king's brother.

It is neither prudent nor safe to provoke great men, for let their persons and administration be what they will, there is still a veneration due to their character and dignity; and injuries, reproaches, or affronts, make so deep impression on princes' minds, especially if there be suspicion of design in it, that, like letters engraved on marble, they never can be obliterated until the marble is decayed.

The late Mr. Sherridan, and Mr. Faulkner, the Printer.

Mr. Sherridan obtained an Irish act of parliament, protecting him from arrests, on account of his debts in Dublin, amounting to sixteen hundred pounds; but, having, the following season, saved eight hundred pounds, he gave notice that he was ready to pay his creditors ten shillings in the pound, and desired them to call on him for that purpose, with an account of their respective demands.—Mr. Faulkner, the printer of one of the Dublin papers, was one of them: this gentleman told Mr. Sherridan, he would not trouble him with his demand till he dined with him: Mr. Sherridan accordingly called on Mr. Faulkner, who, after dinner, put a sealed paper into his hand, which he told him contained his demand, at the same time requesting Mr. Sherridan to examine it at his leisure at home. When he came home, he found, under seal, a bond for 200*l*, due to Mr. Faulkner, cancelled, together with a receipt in full of a book debt, to the extent of 100*l*. Whether is the conduct of the actor or printer the more generous and judicious?

THE ART OF BEING PRETTY.

WE have all heard of the bloom of *Ninon*, the *Circassian Wash*, *Spanish Wool*, *Rouge*, with a long train of *etceteras*, sufficient to fill a perfumer's shop. I am not ignorant that considerable sums are expended, and much time employed, in striving to increase and preserve charms by artificial means, while natural means are too much neglected. What I would recommend, will cost nothing; and if my prescription is not as likely to gain a lover, or to secure a husband, as any yet invented, I forfeit all claims to confidence.

“Take of perennial good humour, as much as you can carry about with you, mix it with discretion, and infuse smiles, feeling, and virtue; lay in a proper stock of useful knowledge, to make your company agreeable when alone, and acquire habits of industry and economy, to render you useful in domestic relations. Apply all these in proper proportions, as they may be wanted, and you will infallibly be esteemed pretty, if not beautiful.

ON HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is the state of mind of all others most suited to our present nature: nor ought it ever to be confounded with low qualities, or want of spirit; for it is the effect of just reflection, and amiable propensities. It is a disposition of the soul which keeps the eye and ear open to truth, and the heart penetrated with sentiments best calculated to lead us to the source of all happiness and wisdom. Every quality which leads us from this virtue, tends to inflate the heart, and takes from the mind that justness of perception which we possess when we know our own level. Humility is a virtue which stands opposed to vanity: it courts retirement, searches for truth, and leads the mind to the paths of wisdom and piety. As vanity will tarnish the brightest talents, humility will give dignity to inferior natures, and avert many temptations to error. It is

the result of just thinking, which strengthens the mind against the delusions of self-love, by keeping before us the constant remembrance of our dependence on the Almighty, and the laws of nature, which limit our present existence, and make our happiness, and very faculties so unstable, that we are not secure of any thing for one single moment.

Though humility is a virtue which ought to characterize this uncertain state of humanity, it belongs, perhaps, still more to women than to men; for as their path in life is noiseless, and seldom admits the intrusions of ambition, they may find more leisure for that reflective wisdom, which will render them grateful to the Supreme, for the blessings bestowed on them, instead of arrogating a supposed merit. This disposition, by softening the mind, will render it truly amiable; for it will make it consider surrounding objects too justly, to be soured by the contingencies of life. Characters possessing this wise modesty, will be unshaken by empty praise and vague prejudices; but will gather useful truths, and store them in their hearts. And while their pride is subdued, by the increase of knowledge, they will feel the consolation of *hope*, founded in confidence in God.

EASE.

NOTHING is more charming to human nature, than Ease and Indolence. The enchantress, Sloth, has more votaries in her temple, than either of the gods or goddesses who sat on Mount Olympus. She entices us from the fatigues of business, and with her sister, Luxury, seems to raise our enjoyments above this world of cares. The earth, and its inhabitants, occupy our thoughts only as objects of contempt.—“Vanity of vanities,” we exclaim with the preacher, “all is vanity.”

Seriously speaking, there are those who, if like *Solomon* they could have their prayer, would throw away wealth and wisdom, power and dominion, for Ease. I

know of men, who would not dig six feet in the ground below them, if they knew that all the treasures of the east were there in store for them.

The student, becoming dispirited at the fatigues of study, shuts his book, tumbles on his bed, and swears that Folly itself, could not be excused for inventing more languages than one!

Indeed, trouble seems to be so unnatural, that one would almost walk fifty miles, to get out of its way. Nature shudders at the very idea of drudging, and people in general do more in killing time, than they would have done in employing it usefully.

A warm bed in the morning, feels so easy, that few have self-denial enough to resign it. I sometimes determine with myself to get up in five minutes, and when the time comes, the weight of worlds seem to press me down. Propriety and Ease will contend, whether the loss of half an hour ought to be considered, and while I am listening very calmly to the controversy, sleep catches me unawares, and the most delightful part of the day is spent, or rather *mis-spent*, in bed. So, when I see a multitude of letters which must be answered, or of books which must be read, Ease whispers me that to-morrow I shall have more time to do it in, than to-day; and thus, from one day to another, they are neglected, until altogether forgotten.

An easy writer, and a load of easy manners, are two of the most agreeable presents, which a book mope, and a lady, can receive. A man is never happy, but when at his ease, and never better pleased, than when he sees others so. The most forcible argument in favour of a thing which we wish our friends to do for us, is contained in these few words—"There's no trouble about it, it is easily done!"

I heard a youth wish, a few days since, that fashion would allow him to go naked

so troublesome was it to undress: and that nature would permit him to live without exercise, it was so fatiguing to move about.

A person who is compelled to sit up straight, at a ceremonious party, to say pretty things, and to keep his head always in one place, and a simper always on his cheek, longs to regain his ease!

And I suppose by this time, my readers will yawn over my essay: 'Curse the fellow,' they exclaim, 'why had he so little regard to our ease, as to give such a rugged and uneasy essay!'

ANECDOTE.

THE late king of Prussia, father to the present, was remarkable for a total neglect of dress, so that he was frequently mistaken as he travelled through his dominions, for an ordinary person; which he often did, as well to observe the temper of his subjects, as to make himself acquainted with their grievances. He wore generally a blue coat, little hat, and white worsted stockings; and seldom travelled in any other dress. It happened one day, as he passed through Brandenburg upon one of his usual excursions, that he cast his eyes upon a young woman of a gigantic stature, being near seven feet high, at a village forty miles distant from Berlin. Such a sight as this never escaped his majesty unnoticed. He alighted from his horse, and caused her to be brought before him. He examined her as to her age, and condition of life, and finding she was a poor shoemaker's daughter of nineteen, single, and unengaged; he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier-guards, at Berlin, commanding him to cause the bearer to be instantly married to the tallest man in his corps, and to be sure to see the ceremony performed. This letter he delivered to the young woman, without acquainting her with the contents; but making her a handsome present, enjoined her on pain of the king's displea-

sure, to carry it as directed, and to deliver it into the general's own hand; this done, he proceeded on his journey. The girl having never been at Berlin, and not suspecting the person in the blue coat, who had given her the letter, to be the king, bargained with an old woman in the neighbourhood to carry the letter, at the same time charging her with the very same injunction to deliver it as she herself had just received from the gentleman in blue. The woman was true to her trust, and delivered the letter; but the general on reading the contents, and viewing the person that brought it, was surprised. However, his majesty's orders were peremptory, and must be obeyed; the parties met, and were married; the affair remained a mystery till his majesty's return to his capital; when, the first persons he wanted to see were his handsome new married couple. He was astonished at the sight of the bride, and in a violent rage, demanded how she came to practice such an abominable deceit! The old woman told him the truth; and lifting up her voice to heaven, exclaimed, 'The king's majesty is bringing such a wonderful work of chance, so unexpected about.'

The city Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, during the week ending on Saturday last.

The office of this publication is removed to No. 299 Broadway; where subscriptions and communications will be thankfully received.

We are much obliged to the gentleman who sent us the numbers of the Belfast News Letter. The narrative he mentions, has already appeared in this Miscellany.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the revd. Mr. Kelly, Mr. M. Cashman, to Miss Catharine Leary, both of this city.

On the 14th ult. by the rev. Mr. Williston, Adrian B. Bentzon, Esq. of the island of St. Croix, to Miss Magdalene Astor, daughter of John Jacob Astor, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday evening last by the reverend Dr. Livingston, Mr. Wm. A. Blank, to Miss Nancy Christian, both of this city.



Amongst the original poems of the late Mr. Carlyle, observes the editor of the *Monthly Mirror* we extract the following as a witty *jue d'esprit*. For the sake of brevity we shall omit some parts of the poem. Previously to our making this quotation, we would advise the Oxonians not to be too fond of laughing at the Cantabs on this occasion, since a mutato nomine would make the story tell as well and as truly to their disgrace.

HOPUS, TROPUS, AND MOPUS.

THREE learned friends, in days of yore
Set out for Greece's rocky shore
Upon an expedition:
Dress'd, the wonder of the bar,
Alone, a theologic star,
And *Agave* with *Hydrius*.

Each foremost in the path he trod,
Dispar'd a brow with chaplets crow'd
That glori'd hands had twist'd—
Each glow'd with learning's genial flame,
But like all genuine sons of *Cam*—
They pedantry detested.

Just as the sinking orb of day
Diffus'd his last empurpled ray,
They reach'd a tangled dell:
'Twas dark and drear—the tempest howl'd,
The lightning glar'd, the thunder growl'd,
The rain in torrents fell.

Fearful and faint, in vain they strove
To keep the path or quit the grove,
Or shun the welkins ire
At length a cheering light they spied—
"Hurrah, hurrah!" the parson cried,
"I see a kitchen fire."

Knock, knock, knock, knock—the opening gate
Receiv'd our pilgrims tir'd and wet
Within its friendly shelter
Fair was the hall, and richly light—
Sir *Hobbernob*, an El in knight,
With *Gem* his lady dwelt there

To welcome guests of such renown,
(For well I wot their fame was known)
The knight himself stood ready;
Call'd them to life and light again,
And made them join the gallant train
That chatter with my lady.

Quoth *Hob* to *Tropus*, 'Can it be
When a remainder vests in fee—
But let me put a case—
A makes a will'—quoth *Tropus* 'Hem'—
And turn'd about to lady *Gem*,
To look at Brussels lace.

The fairy knight surpris'd and vex'd
Resolv'd to speak with *Mopus* next,
On fate, free will and sin—
But *Mopus* stopp'd him with—'I'll swear
That match 'twixt madcap and the mare
Was all a mere take in.'

Hopus came last—and whilst the knight
Look'd on for discussion erudite
On stimulants, or air,
He talk'd of *Humphries* and the Jew—
Harang'd upon their grand set-*too*,
And shew'd that he could spar.

The knight is vastly disappointed—supper is
announced—every thing badly dressed—they re-
tire to rest.

The pillows on the hearth were laid,
The carpets on the table spread,
The beds &c. made them shudder;
This wanted sheets, and blankets that,
The third is still more wretched state,
Had neither one nor t'other.

They expect to be murdered. Morning comes,
they descend full of fear into the court yard, and
there find their unfed horses.

Their saddles on their necks were flung,
Their bridles at their tails were hung,
And to the ground descended;
Two white rob'd females spruce and bland,
With each a napkin in her hand,
On every steed attended.

Just as the morn unveil'd the sun—
The elfin knight exclaim'd 'Tis done,
And sallied from the door.
'Mercy, great Sir' the travellers cried—
'Tis done—'Tis done—the knight replied—
'I mean the joke is o'er'.

'My servants you must know, last night
(Whatever they intended by it)
Would needs their places change—
The grooms would cook and mind the table

The chambermaids attend the stable,
The cooks the beds arrange.

'You might have better far'd and slept
Had each their proper station kept
Without such strange reverses;
The grooms, who dress'd your meat so ill,
I trust had shown superior skill
In dressing up your horses.

'Yon nymphs that thus in masquerade
Have deck'd your steeds, your beds had made
And cheer'd your grates with firing—
My cooks had charm'd not scar'd your heart
With bloody hands and terms of art,
And groans of pigs expiring.

'Farewell! I'm disappointed too—
I suffer'd yesterday like you—
We both have been unlucky—
I hop'd to meet three scholars here,
And only found a milliner,
A bruiser, and a jockey.'

TO ANNA.

LET not one pang thy breast annoy,
Since we alas! are doom'd to part;
Let nothing damp thy former joy,
Nor with such terrors fright thy heart.

Absence can only for awhile
Compel the anxious soul to sigh;
Soon shall again my Anna smile,
And every scene of sorrow fly.

What tho' o'er blust'ring waves I roll,
And tempt the dangers of the main;
The power that can these waves controul,
Will give me to thy arms again.

Then banish, Anna, every fear,
All sorrows are in mercy given;
And every ill we suffer here
Shall keep our hearts still nearer heaven.

H.

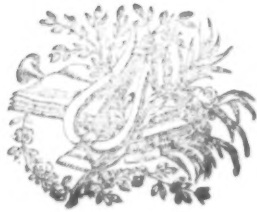
TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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New-York:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, NO. 299
BROADWAY.



Among the original poems of the late Mr. Colley, also, was the story of the Monthly Mirror, which contains the following, as a witty, fine despatch, for the sake of brevity we shall omit some parts of the poem. Precisely, to our making this quotation, we would advise the Oxonians not to be too fond of laughing at the Cantabrigians on this occasion, since a moderate sentence would make the story tell as well, and as truly to their disgrace.

HOPUS, TROPUS, AND MOPUS.

A TALE.

THREE learned friends, in days of yore

Set out for Granta's sedgey shore

Upon an expedition :

Tropus, the wonder of the Bar,

Mopus, a theologic star,

And Hopus a physician.

Each foremost in the path he trac'd,

Display'd a brow with chaplets grac'd

That glory's hands had twist'd—

Each glow'd with learning's genial flame,

But like all genuine sons of Cam—

They palantry detested.

Just as the sinking orb of day

Dismiss'd his last empurpled ray,

A boy reach'd a tangled dell ;

'Twas dark and drear—the tempest howl'd,

The lightning glar'd, the thunder growl'd,

And the rain in torrents fell.

Fearful and faint, in vain they strove

To keep the path, or quit the grove,

Or slum the welkins ire

At length a cheering light they spied—

"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" the parson cried,

"I see a kitchen fire."

Knock, knock, knock, knock—the opening gate

Receiv'd our pilgrims tir'd and wet

Within its friendly shelter :

Fair was the hall, and richly light—

Sir Haldred, an Elin knight,

With Gem his lady dwelt there.

To welcome guests of such renown,
(Far wot I wot their fame was known)

The knight himself stood ready ;

Call'd them to life and light again,

And made them join the gallant train

That chatter with my lady.

Quoth Haldred to Tropus, "Can it be

When a remainder vests in fee—

But let me put a case—

A makes a will"—quoth Tropus "Hem!—

And turn'd about to lady Gem,

To look at Brunsell's lace.

The fairy knight surpris'd and vex'd

Resolv'd to speak with Mopus next,

On fate, free will and sin—

But Mopus stopp'd him with—"I'll swear

That match 'twixt madcap and the mare

Was all a mere take in."

Hopus came last—and whilst the knight

Look'd on for discussion erudite

On stimulants, or air,

He talk'd of Humphries and the Jew—

Harangu'd upon their grand set-too,

And shew'd that he could spar.

The knight is vastly disappointed—supper is
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tire to rest.

The pillows on the hearth were laid,

The carpets on the table spread,

The beds e'en made them shudder ;

This wanted sheets, and blankets that,

The third in still more wretched state,

Had neither one nor t'other.

They expect to be murdered. Morning comes,
they descend full of fear into the court yard, and
there find their unfed horses.

Their saddles on their necks were flung,

Their bridles at their tails were hung,

And to the ground descended ;

Two white rob'd females spruce and bland,

With each a napkin in her hand,

On every steed attended.

Just as the moon unveil'd the sun—

The elfin knight exclaim'd "Tis done,"

And sauced from the door.

"Mercy, great Sir," the travelers cried—

"'Tis done—'Tis done"—the knight replied—

"I mean the joke is o'er."

"My servants you must know, last night

(Whatever they intended by it)

Would needs their places change—

The grooms would cook and mind the table.

The chambermaids attend the stable.

The cooks the beds arrange.

"You might have better far'd and slept

Had each their proper station kept

Without such strange reverses ;

The grooms, who dress your meat so ill,

I trust had shown superior skill

In dressing up your horses.

"You nymphs that thus in masquerade

Have deck'd your steeds, your beds had made

And cheer'd your gates with firing—

My cocks had charm'd not scar'd your heart

With bloody hands and terms of art,

And groans of pigs expiring.

"Farewell! I'm disappointed too—

I suffer'd yesterday like you—

We both have been unlucky—

I hop'd to meet three scholars here,

And only found a milliner,

A bruiser, and a jockey."

TO ANNA.

LET not one pang thy breast annoy,

Since we alas! are doom'd to part ;

Let nothing damp thy former joy,

Nor with such terrors fright thy heart.

Thence can only for awhile

Compel the anxious soul to sigh ;

Soon shall again my Anna smile,

And every scene of sorrow fly.

What tho' o'er blust'ring waves I roll,

And tempt the dangers of the main ;

The power that can these waves controul,

Will give me to thy arms again.

Then banish, Anna, every fear,

All sorrows are in mercy given ;

And every ill we suffer here

Shall keep our hearts still nearer heaven.

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